

Book of Common Prayer

I don't know if it counts as a story, but you might be interested in knowing about the Book of Common Prayer which grandmother [Gertrude Blackledge Turnure] gave me.

On July 13, 1981, grandmother sat me down next to her on the couch in their living room and wrote the following, before giving me the book:

Book of Common Prayer belonged to Margaret Blackledge, Meg's great grandmother.

She and her family worshipped in Grace Episcopal Church, Red Cloud, Nebraska.

The Book was passed on to her daughter Gertrude. Gertrude has given it to her

granddaughter Meg. Meg was a lay reader at St. Mark's Cathedral (Seattle) and a

licensed lay reader at the church of St Ann and the Holy Trinity (Brooklyn).

This prayer book has Margaret Blackledge's handwritten list of her god children, and Lewis Blackledge's program for the Sunday School service, for which he has superintendent.

- Gertrude Blackledge Turnure July 13, 1981

This is the list of godchildren:

Lewis [her husband, raised a Quaker. They do not baptize]

Gertrude

Allan

Hobert

Edith Roby

Mary Elizabeth Stockman

Myra Yvimes

Else Arnold

Roy Fairchild Oatman

Harriet Ellen Chatman(?)

Beth Marian Crabil

Pauline Elizabeth Pope

Lewis's outline of Sunday School Program appears at front of the book:

1. Song
2. responsive reading [presumably a psalm]
3. prayer
4. song
5. Lesson 20 minutes
6. Collection and papers
7. Review of lesson or reminders
8. Secretary's report
7. Song - dismissal

I also have grandmother's own Book of Common Prayer, with Gertrude A Blackledge imprinted on the front cover, a small Bible Granddaddy carried with him while traveling, and some old Quaker books, presumably once the property of Lewis's mother. (No one else in the family was very interested in Christianity.)

sorry this is not really a story.

This little church in Red Cloud (where Willa Cather once went) was very important to my grandparents. Gertrude played the organ, and told of flashing her new engagement ring proudly while doing so. When they moved to Seattle, the minister wrote a touching note to their future minister ("feed my flock") and gave them a salt glazed pitcher he had been given in England. This ceramic pitcher was used for water on the dining room table, and stored with pride at the top of a cabinet in the dining room. When my mother inherited it, she said, "She really did love me!" I have it now, in my living room, and have used it once for a celebratory gathering of friends who had helped me when I was in hospital.

My grandparents never found a parish that meant as much to them in Seattle, though the children went to Sunday school, and were confirmed and married in Episcopal churches. (Except for Doris, who probably married Bjarne in a Lutheran church)

They once accompanied me to St Mark's Cathedral, when I read a lesson there, but did not take communion. In their era, morning prayer was much more common than communion services.

so, sorry no story really, but a little family history.